

SONGS *for*
CHRISTIAN
SOLDIERS



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Songs *for*
Christian Soldiers



For the use of the Boys' Departments of
the Young Men's Christian Association



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SCP

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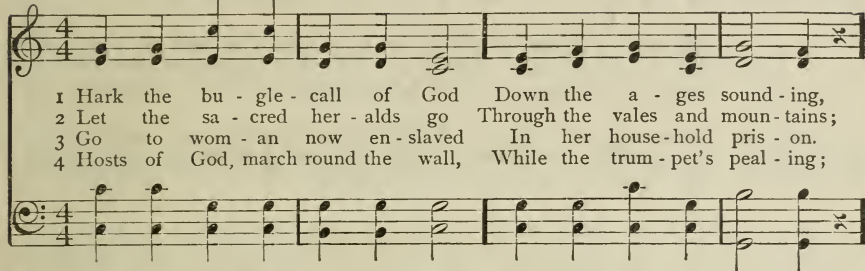
Songs for Christian Soldiers

1


Hark the Bugle-call of God

Rev. Arthur T. Pierson, 1894

Rev. Arthur T. Pierson, 1894

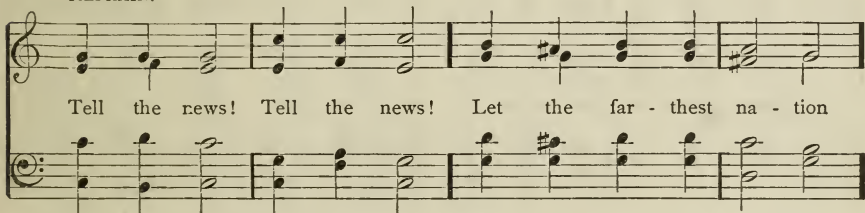


1 Hark the bu - gle - call of God Down the a - ges sound - ing,
2 Let the sa - cred her - als go Through the vales and moun - tains;
3 Go to wom - an now en - slaved In her house - hold pris - on.
4 Hosts of God, march round the wall, While the trum - pet's peal - ing;

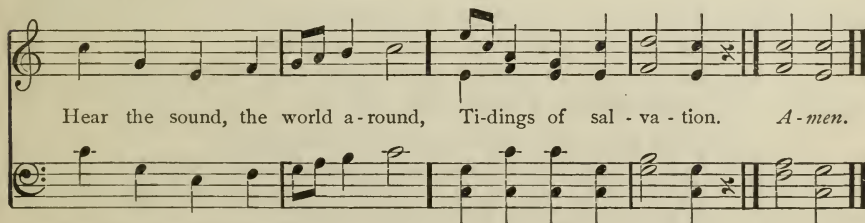


“Go ye, and pro - claim a - broad News of grace a - bound - ing!”
Stead - y streams of treas - ure flow From the gold - en foun - tains.
Tell her, you whom Je - sus saved, He was dead - is ris - en.
Sa - tan's might - y towers will fall, God's own power re - veal - ing.

REFRAIN.



Tell the news! Tell the news! Let the far - thest na - tion

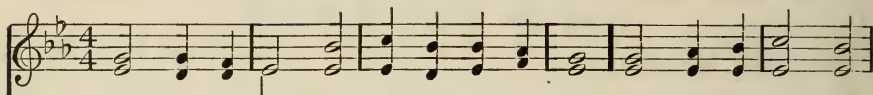


Hear the sound, the world a - round, Ti - dings of sal - va - tion. *A - men.*

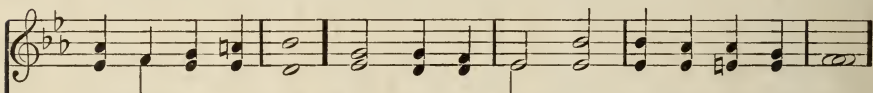
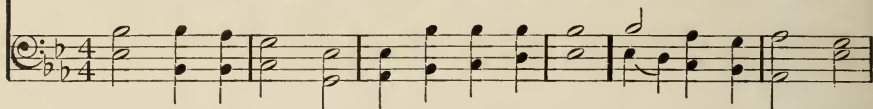
Abide with me

Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1847

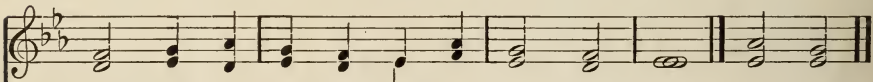
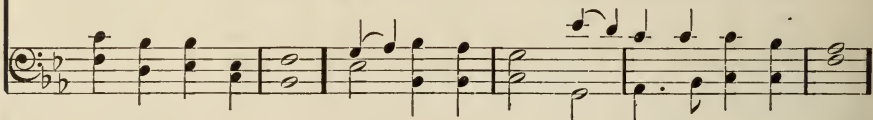
William H. Monk, 1861



1 A - bid e with me : fast falls the e - ven - tide ; The dark - ness deep - ens ;
 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day ; Earth's joys grow dim, its
 3 I need Thy pres - ence ev - ery pass - ing hour ; What but Thy grace can



Lord, with me a - bid e : When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts flee,
 glo - ries pass a - way ; Change and de - cay in all a - round I see ;
 foil the tempter's power ? Who like Thy - self my guide and stay can be ?



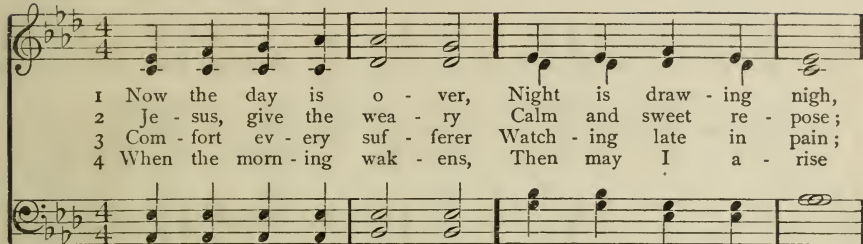
Help of the help - less, O a - bid e with me.
 O Thou who chang - est not, a - bid e with me. *A - men.*
 Through cloud and sun - shine, O a - bid e with me.



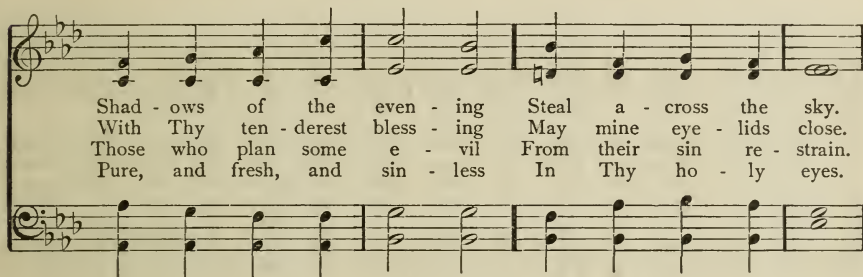
- 4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless :
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
 Where is death's sting ? where, grave, thy victory ?
 I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.
- 5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes ;
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies :
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee :
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Now the Day is over

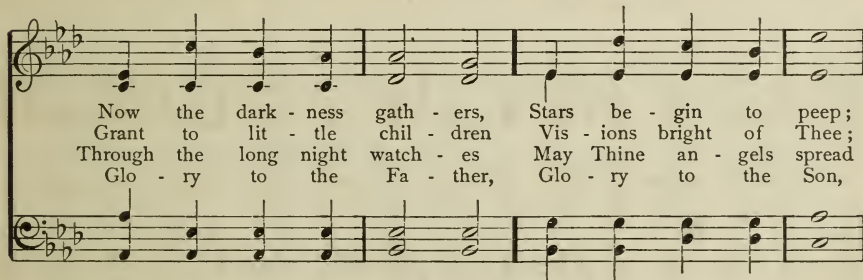
Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, 1865



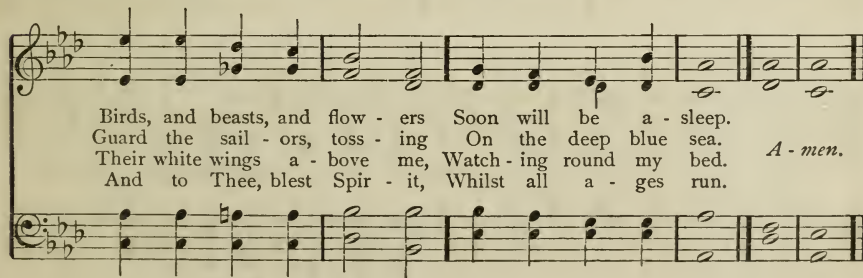
1 Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
 2 Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose;
 3 Com - fort ev - ery suf - ferer Watch - ing late in pain;
 4 When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise



Shad - ows of the even - ing Steal a - cross the sky.
 With Thy ten - derest bless - ing May mine eye - lids close.
 Those who plan some e - vil From their sin re - strain.
 Pure, and fresh, and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.



Now the dark - ness gath - ers, Stars be - gin to peep;
 Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vis - ions bright of Thee;
 Through the long night watch - es May Thine an - gels spread
 Glo - ry to the Fa - ther, Glo - ry to the Son,



Birds, and beasts, and flow - ers Soon will be a - sleep.
 Guard the sail - ors, toss - ing On the deep blue sea. *A - men.*
 Their white wings a - bove me, Watch - ing round my bed.
 And to Thee, blest Spir - it, Whilst all a - ges run.

4 God our Maker, Thee we praise

Murch's Hymn Book, 1849: alt.

John Gill

1 God our Mak - er, Thee we praise, Guard - ian of our help - less days;
 2 God the Sav - iour, Thee we bless, For Thy life of right - eous - ness;
 3 God the Spir - it, Thee we praise, For Thy sanc - ti - fy - ing grace;
 4 Great E - ter - nal Three in One, Hear, O hear us from Thy throne:

Thou hast made us by Thy power, Thou hast kept us to this hour;
 For Thy cross and death of shame, Chil - dren's voi - ces bless Thy Name:
 For the new and ten - der heart Thou hast prom - ised to im - part:
 We are chil - dren of a day, Like the flowers we pass a - way:

Thou hast given Thy Son to die, Sent Thy Spir - it from on high.
 Should our tongues no prais - es bring, Stones would find a voice to sing.
 For the word in - spired by Thee, That re - veals e - ter - ni - ty.
 Yet Thy power can bid us rise To a - dorn a par - a - dise.

REFRAIN.

God of glo - ry, God of grace, Hear from heaven, Thy dwelling - place. *A - men.*

The Day is past and over

From the Greek, by Rev. John M. Neale, 1853

Arthur H. Brown, 1862

1 The day is past and o - ver: All thanks, O Lord, to Thee;
 2 The joys of day are o - ver: I lift my heart to Thee,
 3 The toils of day are o - ver: I raise the hymn to Thee,
 4 Light - en mine eyes, O Sav - iour, Or sleep in death shall I,

I pray Thee that of - fence - less The hours of dark may be.
 And call on Thee that sin - less The hours of gloom may be.
 And ask that free from per - il The hours of fear may be.
 And he, my wake - ful tempt - er, Tri - um - phant - ly shall cry,

O Je - sus, keep me in Thy sight, And save me through the
 O Je - sus, make their dark - ness light, And save me through the
 O Je - sus, keep me in Thy sight, And guard me through the
 "He could not make their dark - ness light, Nor guard them through the

com - ing night.
 com - ing night. *A - men.*
 com - ing night.
 hours of night."

- 5 Be Thou my soul's Preserver,
 O God, for Thou dost know
 How many are the perils
 Through which I have to go.
 Lover of men, O hear my call,
 And guard and save me from them
 all.

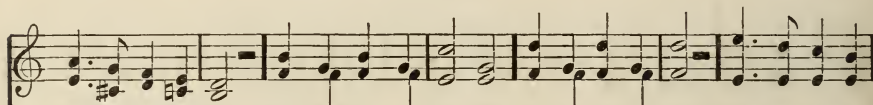
Like a River, glorious

Frances R. Havergal, 1874

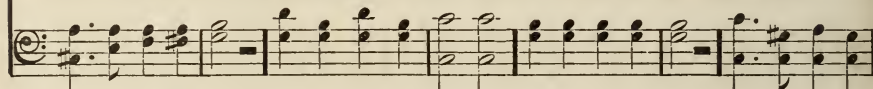
E. J. Upward



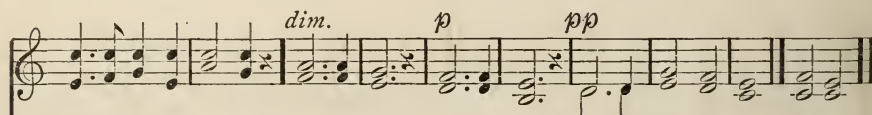
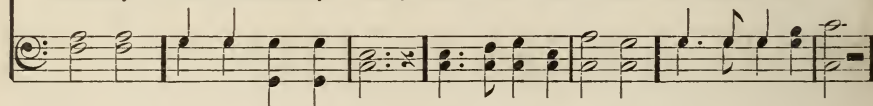
1 Like a riv - er, glo - rious Is God's per - fect peace, O - ver all vic - to - rious
 2 Hid - den in the hol - low Of His bless - ed hand, Nev - er foe can fol - low,
 3 Ev - ery joy or tri - al Fall - eth from a - bove, Traced up - on our di - al



In its bright in - crease. Per - fect, yet it flow - eth Full - er ev - ery day; Per - fect, yet it
 Nev - er trait - or stand. Not a surge of wor - ry Not a shade of care, Not a blast of
 By the Sun of love. We may trust Him sole - ly All for us to do; They who trust Him



grow - eth Deep - er all the way. }
 hur - ry, Touch the spir - it there. } Stayed upon Je - ho - vah, Hearts are ful - ly blest;
 whol - ly Find Him whol - ly true. }



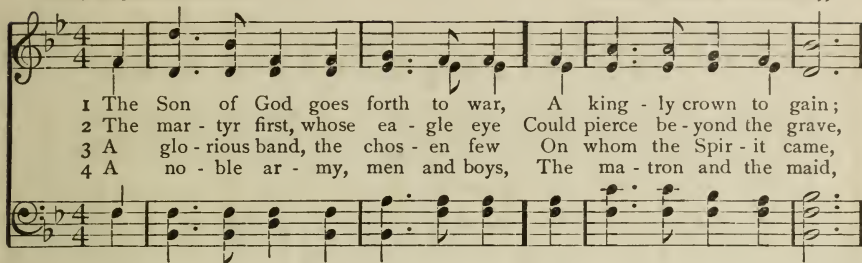
Finding, as He promised, Per - fect peace, per - fect peace, per - fect peace and rest. *A - men.*



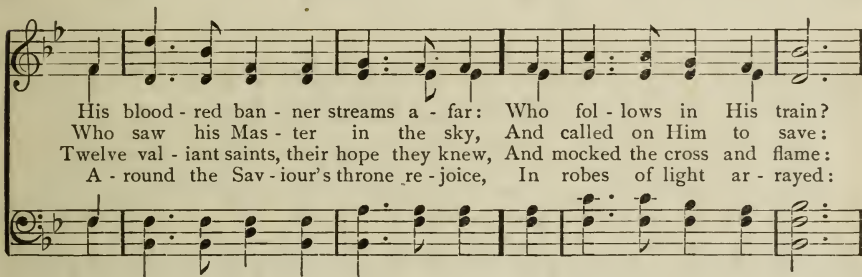
The Son of God goes forth to War

Bishop Reginald Heber, publ., 1827

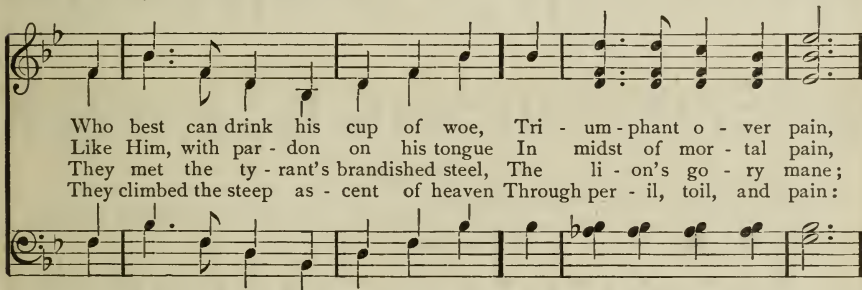
Rev. George E. Martin, 1899



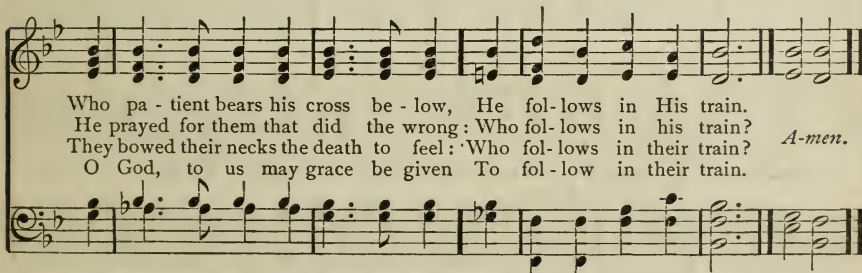
1 The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain ;
 2 The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave,
 3 A glo - rious band, the chos - en few On whom the Spir - it came,
 4 A no - ble ar - my, men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid,



His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far: Who fol - lows in His train?
 Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called on Him to save:
 Twelve val - iant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame:
 A - round the Sav - iour's throne re - joice, In robes of light ar - rayed:



Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - um - phant o - ver pain,
 Like Him, with par - don on his tongue In midst of mor - tal pain,
 They met the ty - rant's brandished steel, The li - on's go - ry mane;
 They climbed the steep as - cent of heaven Through per - il, toil, and pain:

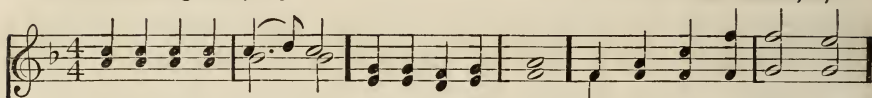


Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train.
 He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol - lows in his train?
 They bowed their necks the death to feel: Who fol - lows in their train? *A-men.*
 O God, to us may grace be given To fol - low in their train.

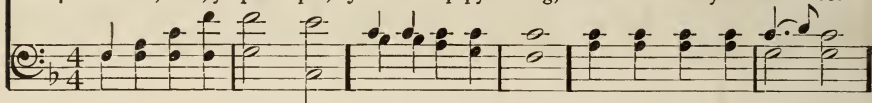
Onward, Christian Soldiers

Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, 1865

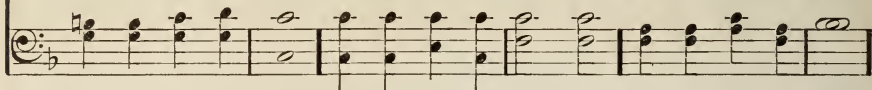
Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1871



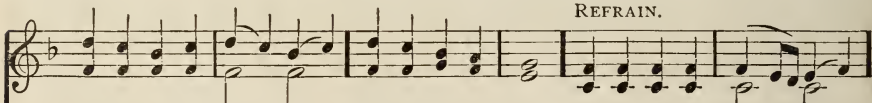
- 1 Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
 2 Like a mighty ar - my Moves the Church of God ; Brothers, we are tread - ing
 3 Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus
 4 Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your voi - ces



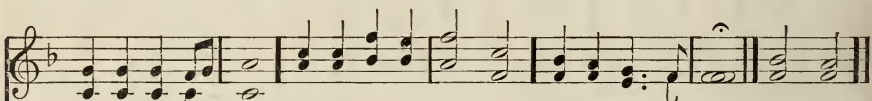
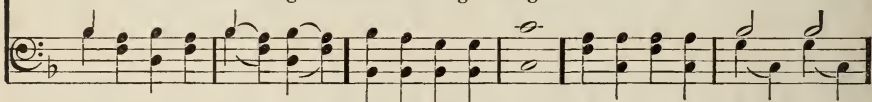
Go - ing on be - fore : Christ the Roy - al Mas - ter Leads a - gainst the foe ;
 Where the saints have trod ; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
 Con - stant will re - main ; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail ;
 In the tri - umph - song ; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or Un - to Christ the King ;



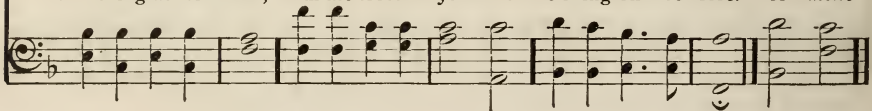
REFRAIN.



Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His banners go.
 One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty. } Onward, Christian sol - diers,
 We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.
 This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.



Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. A - men.



Who is on the Lord's Side?

Frances R. Havergal, 1877

Arr. by Sir John Goss, 1871

1 Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His help-ers
 2 Not for weight of glo - ry, Not for crown and palm, En - ter we the ar - my,
 3 Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own life-blood,
 4 Fierce may be the con - flict, Strong may be the foe, But the King's own ar - my

Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?
 Raise the war-rior psalm; But for Love that claim - eth Lives for whom He died:
 For Thy di - a - dem: With Thy blessing fill - ing Each who comes to Thee,
 None can ov - er - throw: Round His standard rang - ing, Vic - tory is se - cure;

REFRAIN.

Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go? By Thy call of mer - cy,
 He whom Je - sus nam - eth Must be on His side. By Thy love con - strain - ing,
 Thou hast made us will - ing, Thou hast made us free. By Thy grand re - demp - tion,
 For His truth un - chang - ing Makes the tri - umph sure. Joy - ful - ly en - list - ing

By Thy grace Di - vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav - iour, we are Thine. Amen.

Hark to the Sound of Voices

Colin Sterne, 1898

H. Ernest Nichol, 1898

1 Hark to the sound of voi - ces! Hark to the tramp of feet!
 2 Out of the mist of er - ror, Out of the realms of night,
 3 On, then, ye gal - lant sol - diers, On to your home a - bove!

Is it a might - y ar - my Tread - ing the bu - sy street?
 Out of the pride of learn - ing, Seek - ing the home of light;
 Yours is the truth and glo - ry, Yours is the power and love.

Near - er it comes and near - er, Sing - ing a glad re - frain;
 Out of the strife for pow - er, Out of the greed of gold,
 Here are ye trained for he - roes, Yon - der ye serve the King;

List what they say as they haste a - way To the sound of a mar - tial strain:—
 On - ward they roam to their heavenly home, And the treas - ure that grows not old.
 March to the light 'neath the ban - ner white, With the song that ye love to sing:—

Hark to the Sound of Voices (Continued)

REFRAIN.

“March-ing beneath the ban - ner, Fight - ing beneath the cross,

Trust - ing in Him who saves us, Ne'er shall we suf - fer loss:

Sing - ing the songs of home - land, Loud - ly the cho - rus rings; We

march to the fight in our ar - mor bright At the call of the King of kings!" *A-men.*

Stand up, stand up for Jesus

Rev. George Duffield, 1858

George J. Webb, 1837

1 Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross ;
2 Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trum - pet call o - bey ;

Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss :
Forth to the might - y con - flict In this His glo - rious day :

From vic - tory un - to vic - tory His ar - my He shall lead,
Ye that are men now serve Him A - gainst un - num - bered foes ;

Till ev - ery foe is van - quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed. A - MEN.
Let cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op - pose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone ;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own :
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer ;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long ;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song :
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be ;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus

Rev. George Duffield, 1858

Arr. from Michael Haydn

1 Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross;
 2 Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trum - pet call o - bey;
 3 Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength a - lone;
 4 Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long;

Lift high His roy - al - ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:
 Forth to the might - y con - flict In this His glo - rious day:
 The arm of flesh will fail you, Ye dare not trust your own:
 This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song:

From vic - tory un - to vic - tory His ar - my He shall lead,
 Ye that are men now serve Him A - gainst un - num - bered foes;
 Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each piece put on with prayer;
 To him that o - ver - com - eth A. crown of life shall be;

Till ev - ery foe is van - quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
 Let cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op - pose.
 Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there. *A - men.*
 He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

Hear the Captain clearly calling

Rev. George E. Martin, 1898

Rev. George E. Martin, 1899

1 Hear the Cap-tain clear-ly call-ing, While our lives are young and strong,
 2 Hear our Cap-tain clear-ly call-ing, To us all His sum-mons ring,
 3 We shall hear the Cap-tain call-ing Soft-ly, when the fight is won,

“Fall in line, My youth-ful sol-diers; Up, for the bat-tle, with this song:
 “Faint not, comrades, in the bat-tle; As ye strug-gle, shout and sing:
 “Fall in line, My faith-ful sol-diers, You have won the great ‘Well done.’”

REFRAIN.

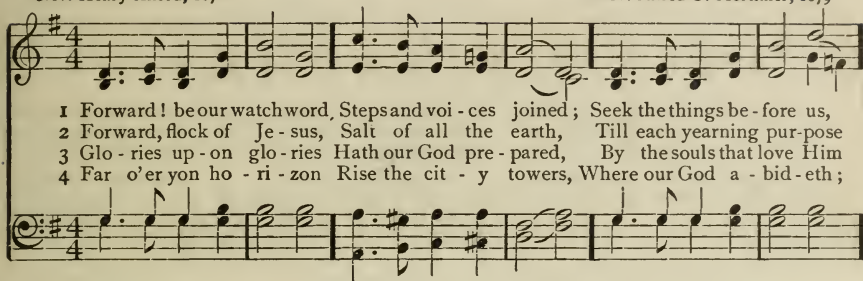
We are sol-diers of the cross, With our Cap-tain we will fight:

Down for ev-er, prince of sin! Up for ev-er, Prince of light!” *A-men.*

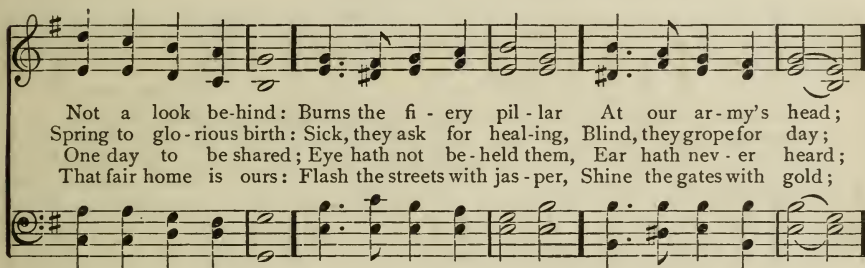
Forward! be our Watchword

Rev. Henry Alford, 1871

Rev. Alfred G. Mortimer, 1879

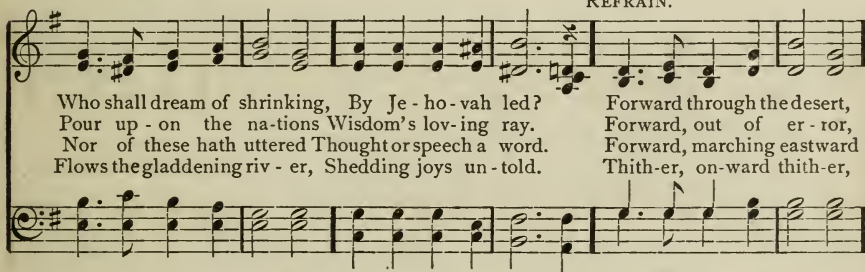


1 Forward! be our watchword, Steps and voi - ces joined; Seek the things be - fore us,
 2 Forward, flock of Je - sus, Salt of all the earth, Till each yearning pur - pose
 3 Glo - ries up - on glo - ries Hath our God pre - pared, By the souls that love Him
 4 Far o'er yon ho - ri - zon Rise the cit - y towers, Where our God a - bid - eth;

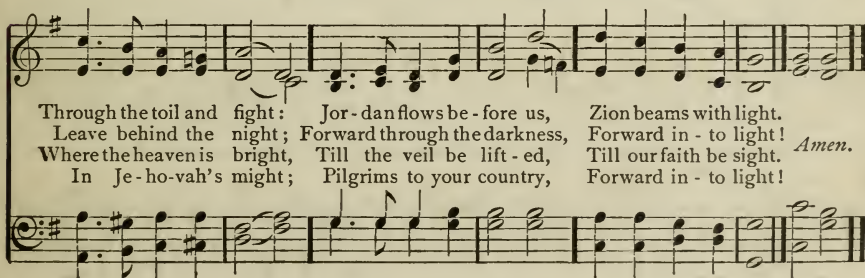


Not a look be - hind: Burns the fi - ery pil - lar At our ar - my's head;
 Spring to glo - rious birth: Sick, they ask for heal - ing, Blind, they grieve for day;
 One day to be shared; Eye hath not be - held them, Ear hath nev - er heard;
 That fair home is ours: Flash the streets with jas - per, Shine the gates with gold;

REFRAIN.



Who shall dream of shrinking, By Je - ho - vah led? Forward through the desert,
 Pour up - on the na - tions Wisdom's lov - ing ray. Forward, out of er - ror,
 Nor of these hath uttered Thought or speech a word. Forward, marching eastward
 Flows the gladdening riv - er, Shedding joys un - told. Thith - er, on - ward thith - er,



Through the toil and fight: Jor - dan flows be - fore us, Zion beams with light.
 Leave behind the night; Forward through the darkness, Forward in - to light!
 Where the heaven is bright, Till the veil be lift - ed, Till our faith be sight. *Amen.*
 In Je - ho - vah's might; Pilgrims to your country, Forward in - to light!

Brightly gleams our Banner

Rev. Thomas J. Potter, 1860: alt.

Sir Arthur Sullivan

1 Brightly gleams our ban - ner, Point - ing to the sky, Wav - ing on Christ's
 2 Je - sus, Lord and Mas - ter, At Thy sa - cred feet, Here, with hearts re -
 3 All our days di - rect us, In the way we go; Crown us still vic -
 4 Then with saints and an - gels May we join a - bove, Offering prayers and

sol - diers To their home on high. Marching through the desert, Gladly thus we pray,
 joic - ing, See Thy children meet. Oft - en have we left Thee, Oft - en gone a - stray;
 to - rious, O - ver ev - ery foe: Bid Thine angels shield us When the storm - clouds lower;
 prais - es At Thy throne of love. When the march is o - ver, Then come rest and peace,

REFRAIN.

Still with hearts u - nit - ed, Sing - ing on our way. } Brightly gleams our ban - ner,
 Keep us, mighty Sav - iour, In the nar - row way. }
 Par - don Thou and save us In the last dread hour. }
 Je - sus in His beau - ty, Songs that nev - er cease. }

Pointing to the sky, Waving on Christ's soldiers To their home on high. A - men.

Jerusalem, my happy Home

"Eckington Collection," about 1796

Samuel A. Ward, 1882

1 Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Name ev - er dear to me!
 2 There hap - pier bowers than E - den's bloom, Nor sin nor sor - row know:
 3 A - pos - tles, mar - tyrs, proph - ets, there A - round my Sav - iour stand;

When shall my la - bors have an end, In joy and peace, and thee?
 Blest seats! through rude and storm - y scenes I on - ward press to you.
 And soon my friends in Christ be - low Will join the glo - rious band.

When shall these eyes thy heaven - built walls And pearl - y gates be - hold?
 Why should I shrink at pain and woe, Or feel at death dis - may?
 Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home! My soul still pants for thee:

Thy bulwarks with sal - va - tion strong, And streets of shin - ing gold?
 I've Ca - naan's good - ly land in view, And realms of end - less day. *A - men.*
 Then shall my la - bors have an end, When I thy joys shall see.

Jerusalem the golden

From the Latin, by Rev. John M. Neale, 1851: alt.

Alexander Ewing, 1853

1 Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest! Beneath thy con - tem -
 2 They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song, And bright with many an
 3 There is the throne of Da - vid: And there, from care re - leased, The song of them that
 4 O mine, my gold - en Zi - on! O love - lier far than gold! With laurel - girt bat -

pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest. I know not, O I know not,
 an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng. The Prince is ev - er in them,
 tri - umph, The shout of them that feast; And they, who with their Lead - er
 tal - lions, And safe, vic - to - rious fold: O sweet and bless - ed coun - try,

What joys a - wait us there; What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry,
 The day - light is se - rene: The pas - tures of the bless - ed
 Have con - quered in the fight, For ev - er and for ev - er
 Shall I ev - er see thy face? O sweet and bless - ed coun - try,

What bliss be - yond com - pare.
 Are decked in glo - rious sheen
 Are clad in robes of white. *A - men.*
 Shall I ev - er win thy grace?

- 5 Exult, O dust and ashes,
 The Lord shall be thy part:
 His only and for ever,
 Thou shalt be, and thou art.
 Exult, O dust and ashes,
 The Lord shall be thy part:
 His only and for ever,
 Thou shalt be, and thou art.

For all the Saints who from their Labors rest

Bishop William W. How, 1864

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1869

1 For all the saints who from their la - bors rest, Who Thee by
 2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fort - ress, and their Might; Thou, Lord, their
 3 O may Thy sol - diers, faith - ful, true, and bold, Fight as the
 4 O blest com - mun - ion, fel - low - ship Di - vine! We fee - bly

faith be - fore the world con - fessed, Thy Name, O Je - sus,
 Cap - tain in the well - fought fight; Thou, in the dark - ness
 saints who no - bly fought of old, And win with them the
 strug - gle, they in glo - ry shine; Yet all are one in

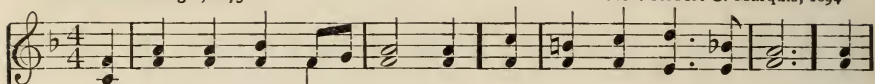
be for ev - er blest. *f* Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
 drear, their one true Light. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
 vic - tor's crown of gold. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! *A-men.*
 Thee, for all are Thine. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

- 5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
 Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
 And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Alleluia!
- 6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
 Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
 Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Alleluia!
- 7 But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day;
 The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
 The King of glory passes on His way. Alleluia!
- 8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
 Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
 Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Alleluia!

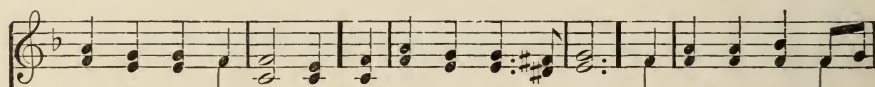
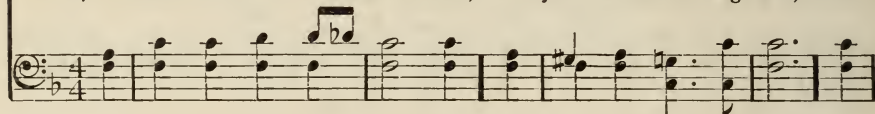
I could not do without Thee

Frances R. Havergal, 1873

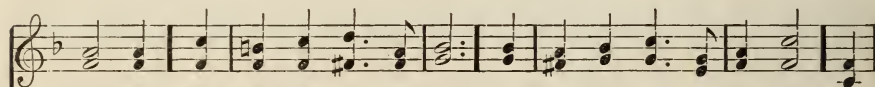
Rev. Robert C. Marquis, 1894



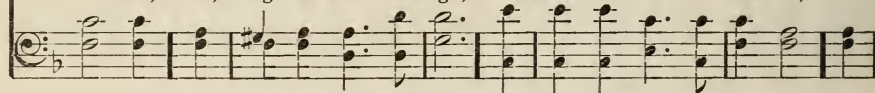
1 I could not do with - out Thee, O Sav - iour of the lost, Whose
 2 I could not do with - out Thee, I can - not stand a - lone; I
 3 I could not do with - out Thee; No oth - er friend can read The
 4 I could not do with - out Thee, For years are fleet - ing fast, And



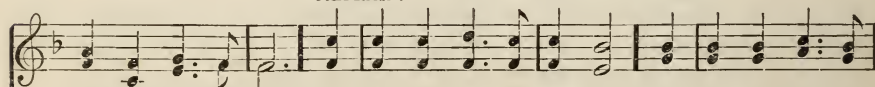
pre - cious blood redeemed me At such tre - men - dous cost: Thy right - eous - ness, Thy
 have no strength or good - ness, No wis - dom of my own: But Thou, be - lov - ed
 spir - it's strange deep long - ings, In - ter - pret - ing its need: No hu - man heart could
 soon in sol - emn lone - liness The riv - er must be passed: But Thou wilt nev - er



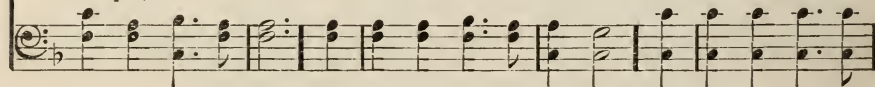
par - don, Thy pre - cious blood, must be My on - ly hope and com - fort, My
 Sav - iour, Art all in all to me; And weak - ness will be pow - er, If
 en - ter Each dim re - cess of mine, And soothe and hush and calm it, O
 leave me, And, though the waves run high, I know Thou wilt be near me, And



REFRAIN.



glo - ry and my plea.
 lean - ing hard on Thee. } I could not do with - out Thee, I could not do with -
 bless - ed Lord, but Thine. }
 whisper, "It is I."



I could not do without Thee (Continued)

out Thee, I could not do with-out Thee, O Sav-iour of the lost. *Amen.*

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20 Saviour, again to Thy dear Name we raise

Rev. John Ellerton, 1866

Edward J. Hopkins, 1867

1 Sav-iour, a-gain to Thy dear Name we raise With one ac-cord our
 2 Grant us Thy peace up-on our homeward way; With Thee be-gan, with
 3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night; Turn Thou for us its
 4 Grant us Thy peace through-out our earth-ly life, Our balm in sor-row,

part-ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee ere our wor-ship cease;
 Thee shall end the day: Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
 dark-ness in-to light; From harm and dan-ger keep Thy chil-dren free,
 and our stay in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall bid our con-flict cease,

Then, low-ly kneel-ing, wait Thy word of peace.
 That in this house have called up-on Thy Name. *A - men.*
 For dark and light are both a-like to Thee.
 Call us, O Lord, to Thine e-ter-nal peace.

A gladsome Hymn of Praise we sing

Ambrose N. Blatchford, 1876: alt.

Rev. George E. Martin, 1899

1 A glad - some hymn of praise we sing, And thank - ful - ly we gath - er
 2 From shades of night He calls the light, And from the seed the flow - er;
 3 Full in His sight His chil - dren stand, By His strong arm de - fend - ed,
 4 For noth - ing falls unknown to Him, Or care, or joy, or sor - row,

To bless the love of God a - bove, Our ev - er - last - ing Fa - ther.
 From ev - ery cloud His bless - ings break In sun - shine or in show - er.
 And He, whose wis - dom guides the world, Our foot - steps hath at - tend - ed.
 And He whose mer - cy ruled the past Will be our Stay to - mor - row.

REFRAIN.

In Him re - joice with heart and voice, Whose glo - ry fad - eth nev - er,

Whose prov - i - dence is our de - fence, Who lives and loves for ev - er.

A gladsome Hymn of Praise (Continued)

We come, we come, our glad thanks-giv - ings bring - ing: And

one our hearts that praise the Lord, And one our voi - ces sing - ing. *A-men.*

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22

Jesus calls us, o'er the tumult

Cecil F. Alexander, 1852: verse 2, l. 1, alt.

W. H. Jude

1 Je - sus calls us, o'er the tu - mult	Of our life's wild rest - less sea;
2 As of old, a - pos - tles heard it	By the Gal - i - le - an lake,
3 Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship	Of the vain world's golden store,
4 In our joys and in our sor - rows,	Days of toil and hours of ease,
5 Je - sus calls us: by Thy mer - cies,	Sav - iour, may we hear Thy call,

Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Say - ing, "Christian, follow Me;"
 Turned from home and toil and kin - dred, Leav - ing all for His dear sake.
 From each i - dol that would keep us, Saying, "Christian, love Me more." *A-men.*
 Still He calls, in cares and pleas - ures, "Christian, love Me more than these."
 Give our hearts to Thy o - be - dience, Serve and love Thee best of all.

Raise the Song of Triumph

Thomas Crawford

Thomas Crawford

1 Raise the song of tri - umph, swell the strains of joy; Hymns in praise of
 2 Day by day we're pass - ing through this world of care, Year by year ap -
 3 Ten - der - ly the Shep - herd ev - ery lamb doth guide; Keep us then, dear

Je - sus let our lips em - ploy; As our Sav - iour greet Him,
 proach - ing heaven so bright and fair. Old and young to - geth - er
 Je - sus, safe - ly by Thy side. Faith - ful to Thy prom - ise,

grate - ful trib - ute bring, Prais - es to our Cap - tain, prais - es to our King.
 join the pil - grim band Marching on to vic - tory and the promised land.
 storms can ne'er dis - may; Might - y Cap - tain, lead us still in Zi - on's way.

REFRAIN.

For - ward, for - ward! vic - tory be the cry; On - ward, on - ward!

Raise the Song of Triumph (Continued)

ban - ners wav - ing high; Join the an - gel cho - rus in the
sky, And sing a - loud to Christ our King. *A - men.*

24 Fling out the Banner! let it float

Bishop George W. Doane, 1848

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1872

1 Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Sky-ward and seaward, high and wide;
2 Fling out the ban-ner! an - gels bend In anx - ious si-lence o'er the sign,
The sun that lights its shin-ing folds, The cross on which the Saviour died.
And vain-ly seek to com-pre-hend The won-der of the love Di-vine. *Amen.*

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3 Fling out the banner! heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.</p> | <p>5 Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
Our glory, only in the cross;
Our only hope, the Crucified!</p> |
| <p>4 Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls,
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.</p> | <p>6 Fling out the banner! wide and high,
Seaward and skyward, let it shine:
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign.</p> |

A mighty Fortress is our God

Martin Luther, 1529. Tr. Rev. Frederick H. Hedge, 1853

Martin Luther, 1529

I { A might-y For-ress is our God, A Bul-wark nev-er fail-ing; }
 { Our Help-er He a-mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre-vail-ing; }

For still our an-cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and

power are great, And, armed with cruel hate, On earth is not his e - qual. A-MEN.

- 2 Did we in our own strength confide,
 Our striving would be losing;
 Were not the right man on our side,
 The man of God's own choosing:
 Dost ask who that may be?
 Christ Jesus, it is He;
 Lord Sabaoth His Name,
 From age to age the same,
 And He must win the battle.
- 3 And though this world, with devils filled,
 Should threaten to undo us;
 We will not fear, for God hath willed
 His truth to triumph through us:
- The prince of darkness grim,—
 We tremble not for him;
 His rage we can endure,
 For lo! his doom is sure,
 One little word shall fell him.
- 4 That word above all earthly powers,
 No thanks to them, abideth;
 The Spirit and the gifts are ours
 Through Him who with us sideth:
 Let goods and kindred go,
 This mortal life also;
 The body they may kill:
 God's truth abideth still,
 His kingdom is for ever.

Andrew of Crete, 700 Tr. J. M. Neale, 1862

J. B. Dykes, (1823—1876)

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes a crescendo (*cres.*) and a forte (*f*) dynamic. The third system includes a diminuendo (*dim.*) dynamic. The lyrics are: "Christian, dost thou see them On the ho-ly ground, How the hosts of dark-ness Compass thee a-round? Christian, up and smite them, Counting gain but loss; Smite them, Christ is with thee, Sol-dier of the cross. A-men."

2 Christian, dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?

Christian, never tremble;
Never be downcast;
Gird thee for the battle,
Watch and pray and fast.

3 Christian, dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"

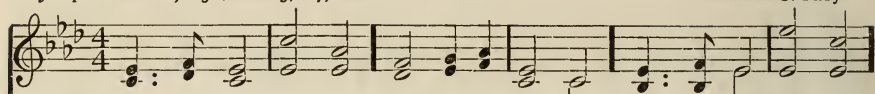
Christian, answer boldly:
"While I breathe I pray:"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

4 "Well I know thy trouble,
O My servant true;
Thou art very weary,
I was weary too;
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near My throne."

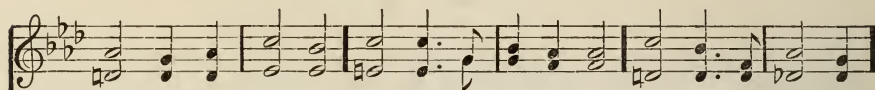
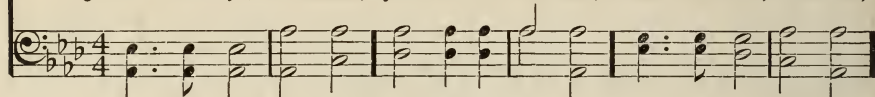
Breast the Wave, Christian

Joseph Stammers, 1830: verse 3, l. 7, alt.

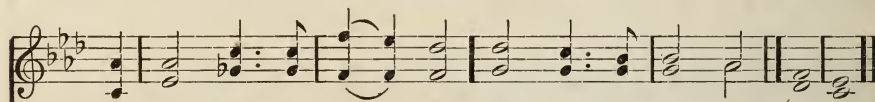
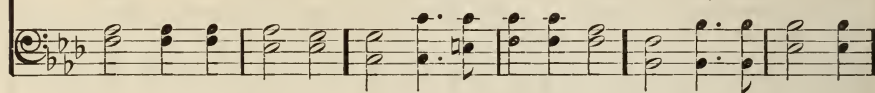
William C. Filby



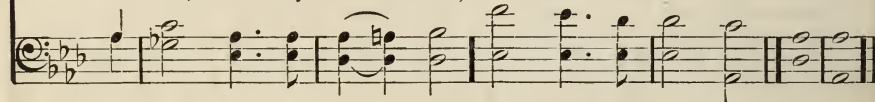
1 Breast the wave, Chris-tian, When it is strong-est; Watch for day, Chris-tian,
 2 Fight the fight, Chris-tian, Je - sus is o'er thee; Run the race, Chris-tian,
 3 Lift the eye, Chris-tian, Just as it clos-eth; Raise the heart, Chris-tian,



When the night's long-est; On-ward and on-ward still Be thine en-deav-or;
 Heaven is be-fore thee; He who hath prom-is-ed Fal-ter-eth nev-er;
 Ere it re-pos-eth; Thee from the love of Christ Noth-ing shall sev-er;



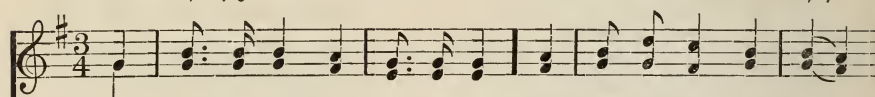
The rest that re-main-eth, Will be for ev-er.
 The love of e-ter-ni-ty Flows on for ev-er. *A-men.*
 And, when thy work is done, Praise Him for ev-er.



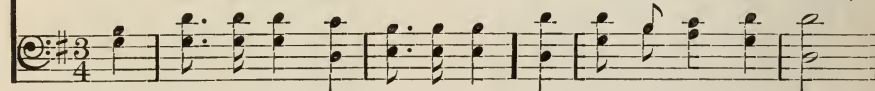
Am I a Soldier of the Cross

Rev. Isaac Watts, c 1723

Arr. from Thomas A. Arne, 1762



1 Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-lower of the Lamb,



Am I a Soldier of the Cross (Continued)

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His Name? *A - men.*

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?</p> <p>3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?</p> | <p>4 Sure I must fight if I would reign:
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.</p> <p>5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.</p> |
|--|--|

29

Old Hundredth

Bishop Thomas Ken, 1693

Genevan Psalter, 1551

I Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow; Praise Him, all crea-tures here be - low;

Praise Him a -bove, ye heaven-ly host: Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost. A - MEN.

Bishop Thomas Ken, 1693

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